

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL
LABOR IS ENTITLED TO ALL IT PRODUCES

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD



SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF
DISCONTENT

PUBLISHED BY
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P R E A M B L E

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trades unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class has interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Songs of the Workers

BUBLISHED BY

Seattle Locals of the I. W. W.

NEARER MY JOB TO THEE.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Nearer my job to thee,
Nearer with glee,
Three plunks for the office fee,
But my fare is free.
My train is running fast,
I've got a job at last,
Nearer my job to thee
Nearer to thee.

Arrived where my job should be,
Nothing in sight I see,
Nothing but sand, by gee,
Job went up a tree.
No place to eat or sleep,
Snakes in the sage brush creep.
Nero a saint would be,
Shark, compared to thee.

Nearer to town! each day
(Hiked all the way),
Nearer that agency,
Where I paid my fee,
And when that shark I see
You'll bet your boots that he
Nearer his god shall be.
Leave that to me.

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MASTERS BEWARE,

Tune: "Down in the Deep,)"

Over the hills with their blankets they go
 Into the woods and the mines down below,
 Blazing the trails, laying the rails,
 Piercing the mountains, onward they go

Chorus:

Masters Beware. Masters take care.
 The wage slaves are joining this one union grand,
 So Beware! Beware! the wage slaves are joining
 this one union grand,
 So Beware! Beware!

He sails over the seas to far distant lands,
 Piling up wealth on every hand,
 Building great castles and mansions so grand,
 Yet robbed of his wealth by an exploiting band.

Yet locks, bolts and bars do not prisons make
 When man he strikes for freedom's sake.
 The industrial union bids ye slaves arise
 And the earth will be yours if you'll only get wise.

IN THE COLD OLD WINTER TIME.

There is a time in each year that the working class fear.

It's the cold old winter time

When the cold, chilly breeze makes them shiver and freeze

In the cold old winter time.

They work all summer long for a system that's wrong

And for masters that treat them like swine.

Then they come to the city. They're objects of pity

In the cold old winter time.

Chorus:

In the cold old winter time,

In the cold old winter time,

They feed you on religion and soup kitchens and bread
lines

Salvationists and volunteers and rollers all live fine.

You're the only one that's on the bum

In the cold old winter time.

They work you like mules and treat you like fools

In the cold old winter time.

With Jim, Jack and Bill shovelling snow for Jim Hill

In the cold old winter time.

You ripen the melons for others to eat

And all you receive is the rind.

Why don't you get wise, with the boys organize

In the cold old winter time.

There's a time near at hand when throughout this broad
land

In the cold old winter time

There will be no more bums; there will be no more slums

In the cold old winter time.

We will tear down this system that capital built

And the heights of ambition we'll climb.

RBC

NcU

Shorter hours and better pay is our motto today

In the cold old winter time.

In the cold old winter time

With the workers all in line

2nd chorus

We'll make the drones and lazy bones and bosses come
to time.

When capital is down and out, then labor's sun will shine

And the boss will work or starve to death

In the cold old winter time.

CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB,

(By J. Hill.)

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Chorus.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The Workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this
strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
Then some one put a bunch of railroad ties across the
track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven, to the Pearly Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P.
freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went
on strike;

You can get a job a'scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,
For Casey Jones to go around a'scabbing everywhere.
The Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a'flying.
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;
Casey Jones get busy shoveling sulphur;
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

THE RED FLAG.

(By James Connell.)

The Workers' flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus.

Then raise the scarlet standard high
Beneath its folds, we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round! the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults, its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waves above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its color now.

It suits today, the meek and base
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn!

"The poor—is any country his? What are to me your glories and your industries—they are not mine."

THE INTERNATIONALE.

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

(By Eugene Pottier.)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain:

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Industrial Union
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors;
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
Wage systems drain our blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection,
Equality has other laws;
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?

(Over.)

Fruits of the workers' toil are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In working for their restitution
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers;
No room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

THE BANNER OF LABOR.

(Tune: "Star Spangled Banner.")

Oh, say, can you hear, coming near and more near
The call now resounding: "Come all ye who labor?"
The Industrial band, throughout the land
Bid toilers remember each toiler's his neighbor.
Come, workers, unite! 'tis Humanity's fight.
We call, you come forth in your manhood and might.

Chorus.

And the BANNER OF LABOR will surely soon wave
O'er the land that is free, from the master and slave.
And the BANNER OF LABOR will surely soon wave
O'er the land that is free, from the master and slave.

The blood and the lives of children and wives
Are ground into dollars for parasites' pleasure;
The children now slave, till they sink in their grave—
That robbers may fatten and add to their treasure.
Will you idly sit by, unheeding their cry?
Arise! Be ye men! See, the battle draws nigh!

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes;
While Poverty gaunt, Desolation and Want
Have dwelt in the bowels of earth's toiling masses.
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,
INDUSTRIAL UNION, the wage slave now cheers.

SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

(Words by J. Hill.)

(Tune: . "Colleen Bawn.")

We're spending billions every year
For guns and ammunition,
"Our Army" and "our Navy" dear,
To keep in good condition;
While millions live in misery
And millions died before us,
Don't sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee,"
But sing this little chorus.

Chorus.

Should I ever be a soldier,
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;
Should the gun I ever shoulder,
It's to crush the tyrant's might.
Join the army of the toilers,
Men and women fall in line,
Wage slaves of the world! Arouse!
Do your duty for the cause,
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,
Her love and pride must offer
On Mammon's altar in despair,
To fill the master's coffer.
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,
From tender youth he squeezes,
While brawny men must walk the street
And face the wintry breezes.

Chorus.

Why do they mount their gatling gun
A thousand miles from ocean,
Where hostile fleet could never run—
Ain't that a funny notion?
If you don't know the reason why,
Just strike for better wages,
And then, my friends—if you don't die—
You'll sing this song for ages.

THE MARSEILLAISE,

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus,

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and Pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded
To mete and vend the light and air,
'To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But Man is Man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty! can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing,
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But Freedom is our sword and shield;
And all their arts are unavailing!

HARK! THE BATTLECRY IS RINGING!

(Air: "March of the Men of Harlech.")

(By H. S. Salt.)

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!
Hope within our bosoms springing,
Bids us journey forward, singing—
 Death to tyrants' might!
Tho' we wield not spear nor sabre,
We the sturdy sons of Labor,
Helping ev'ry man his neighbor,
 Shirk not from the fight!
See our homes before us!
Wives and babies implore us;
So firm we stand in heart and hand,
And swell the dauntless chorus.

Chorus.

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,
Long in hunger, shame, privation,
Have we borne the degradation
 Of the rich man's spite;
Now, disdainng useless sorrow,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;
Often shines the fairest morrow
 After stormiest night.
Tyrant hearts, take warning,
Nobler days are dawning;
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

A SONG FOR THE WAGE SLAVE

Long in their bondage the people have waited
Lulled to inaction by pulpit and press;
Hoping their wrongs would in time be abated,
Trusting the ballot to give them redress.
Vainly they trusted; a high court's decision
Swept the last bulwark of freedom away;
The voice of the people is met with derision,
But a people in action no court will gainsay.

Chorus.

Then up with the masses and down with the classes,
Death to the traitor whom money can buy.
Co-operation's the hope of the nation,
Strike for it now or your liberties die.

Hark to the cries of the hungry and idle,
Borne on the breezes from prairie to sea;
Patience their fury no longer can bridle,
Onward they're coming to die or be free.
Hear and grow pale, ye despoilers of virtue,
Corporate managers, masters of slaves.
Fools, did ye fancy they never could hurt you?
Ye were the cowards and they the braves.

Hail to the birth of the new constitution—
Laws that are equal in justice to all.
Hail to the age of man's true evolution,
Order unfolding at Liberty's call.
Buried forever be selfish ambition,
Cruel fomentor of discord and strife;
Long live the commonwealth's Hope's glad fruition,
Humanity rises to news of life.

DON'T FORGET to read *The Industrial Worker*, and
Solidarity.

WHAT WE WANT

(By J. Hill.)

(Tune: "Rainbow.")

We want all the workers in the world to organize
Into a great big union grand
And when we all united stand
The world for workers we'll demand
If the working class could only see and realize
What mighty power labor has
Then the exploiting master class
It would soon fade away.

Chorus.

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,
Come from every land,
Join the fighting band,
In one union grand,

Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a paradise
When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,
And the cooks and laundry girls,
We want the guy that dives for pearls,
The pretty maid that's making curls,
And the baker and staker and the chimneysweep,
We want the man that's slinging hash,
The child that works for little cash
In one union grand.

Chorus.

We want the tinner and the skinner and the chamber-maid
We want the man that spikes on soles,
We want the man that's digging holes,
We want the man that's climbing poles,
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man,
And all the factory girls and clerks,
Yes, we want every one that works,
In one union grand.

Chorus.

THE ROLL CALL

Up and down the streets we walk around until our feet
are sore,
For a job, a job, a job most anywhere.
The employment shark will gather easy suckers by the
score,
When you buy a job out yonder in despair.

Chorus.

When you buy a job out yon-der,
When you buy a job out yon-der,
When you buy a job out yon-der,
When you buy a job out yon-der in despair.

Shall we labor for the grafters, from the dawn till setting
sun?
Shall we all his graft and hard work meekly bear,
When we've worked a week we owe the boss for all the
work e've done,
When the driver yells, "Roll out, boys," are you there?

Second Chorus.

When the dri-ver yells, roll out boys,
When the dri-ver yells, roll out boys,
When the dri-ver yells, roll out boys,
When the dri-ver yells, roll out boys, are you there?

You've been robbed by the employment sharks, they've
kept you on the bum,
If you get the job you've bought, the case is rare,
Be a man and join the union, then the boss to us must
come,
When the grafters have to travel, we'll be there.

Third Chorus.

When the graf-ters have to tra-vel,
When the graf-ters have to tra-vel,
When the graf-ters have to tra-vel,
When the grafters have to travel, we'll be there.

MY WANDERING BOY.

Where is my wandering boy tonight?
The boy of his mother's pride?
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,
Or else he's bummin' a ride.

Chorus.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
He is on the head-end of an overland train,
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,
But his clothes are a sight to see,
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.
"Thirty days," says the judge you see.

Chorus.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
The chilly winds blows, to the lockup he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, oh judge," he said.
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."
So to join the chain-gang off he's led,
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
To strike many blows for his country he goes
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your boy tonight,
Let him play the old game if he will.
A worker, a bum, he'll never go right,
As long as he's a wage slave still.
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
His money is ought of sight.
Wherever he blows, up against it he goes,
"23" for your boy tonight.

COFFEE AND.

(Composed by J. H. of the I. W. W.)

(Tune: "Count Your Blessings.")

An employment shark one day I went to see,
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me,
Just a couple of dollars for the office fee,
But the job is steady and the fare is free."

Chorus.

Count your pennies, count them, one by one,
And you'll plainly see how easy you are done,
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,
Sneak into a Jap, and get your coffee and.

I shipped out and worked and worked and slept in lousy
bunks,

And the grub it stunk as bad as nineteen skunks,
When a week I slaved the boss he said one day,
You're too tired, you are fired, get your pay.

Chorus.

When the clerk commenced to count, Oh, holy gee,
Road and school and poll tax and the hospital fee,
But I fainted and I nearly lost my sense
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

Chorus.

But when I got back to town with blistered feet,
Then I heard a fellow speaking on the street,
And he said, "It is the workers' own mistake,
If they stand together they get all they make."

Chorus.

"Come today," he said, "and join our union grand,
Who will be a member of this fighting band?"
"Write me out a card," says I, "Right here, by gee,
The Industrial Workers is the dope for me."

Chorus.

Count the workers, count them one by one,
Join our union and we'll show you how it's done.
Stand together, workers, hand in hand.
Then we'll never have to live on coffee and.

THE HOPE OF THE AGES.

(Tune: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue.")

(By E. Nesbit.)

If you dam up the river of progress—
At your peril and cost let it be;
That river must seawards despite you—
'Twill break down your dams and be free;
And we heed not the pitiful barriers
That you in its way have downcast;
For your efforts but add to the torrent,
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

Chorus.

For our banner is rais'd and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled;
Our cry is the cry of the ages—
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces
That strengthen the flood they oppose;
For the harder oppression the fiercer
The current will be when it flows.
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions
Will be scattered like chaff in the fight.
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom
Shall gather new courage and might.

Chorus.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,
In the bitterest stress of the strife;
Or patiently bearing the burden
Of changelessly commonplace life,
One hope we have ever before us,
Our aim to attain and fulfil,
One watchword we cherish to mark us,
One kindred and brotherhood still.

Chorus.

What matter if failure on failure
Crowd closely upon us and press?
When a hundred have bravely been beaten
The hundred and first wins success.
Our watchword is "Freedom"; new soldiers
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,
Our cry is the cry of the ages,
Our hope is the hope of the world,

Chorus,

DOWN IN THE OLD DARK MILL.

(By J. H. of the I. W. W.)

(Air: "Down by the Old Mill Stream.")

How well I do remember
That mill along the way,
Where she and I were working
For fifty cents a day.
She was my little sweetheart;
I met her in the mill—
It's a long time since I saw her,
But I love her still.

Chorus.

Down in the Old Black Mill,
That's where first we met.
Oh! that loving thrill
I shall ne'er forget;
And those dreamy eyes,
Blue like summer skies.
She was fifteen—
My pretty queen—
In the Old Black Mill.

We had agreed to marry
When she'd be sweet sixteen.
But then—one day I crushed it—
My arm in the machine.
I lost my job forever—
I am a tramp disgraced.
My sweetheart still is slaving
In the same old place.

Chorus.

DON'T FORGET that you have been up against it this winter. How about next winter?

DON'T FORGET that there is only one working class. There can only be one union.

WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

(Tune: "Red Wing.")

(Composed by E. S. Nelson.)

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury,
You workingmen are poor—
Will be forevermore—
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

Chorus.

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous—has been for ages;
This earth by right belongs to toilers,
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall."
When we unite to gain our right,
If they resist we'll use our might;
There is no middle ground,
This fight must be one round
To victory, for liberty,
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!
We must put up a fight,
To make us free from slavery
And capitalistic tyranny;
This fight is not in vain,
This fight is not in vain,
We've got a world to gain.
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?
And serve your enemy?

DON'T FORGET that a short work day, and big pay
always go together.

THAT OLD RED BUTTON

(Tune: "Put On Your Old Red Bonnet.")

(Words Written by Richard Brazier.)

Oh, it's oft when I am walking, I have heard the workers
talking,
about the Industrial Union boys.
And in my travels all around, in and out about the town,
their dope at last has made me wise.
As I listened to their speeches, in which they showed up
all those leeches
Who suck the blood of workers every day,
determined then to kick in, and to give the boss a lickin',
to myself I then did say:

Chorus.

I'll wear that old red button, the Industrial Workers'
button,
and I'll help them out in the fray;
When the fight is over, I shall be in clover,
When we win the eight-hour day.

And it's now when I am walking, it's me that does the
talking,
since I joined this Union Grand,
and I speak out to the workers, to unite against the
shirkers,
and get in the Industrial band,
and I said: "Let's quit this piking, against our long hours
let's be striking,
organize for an eight-hour day,"
and the workers gladly listened, and their eyes with hope
glistened
and together they did say:

Chorus.

SCISSOR BILL.

(Air: "Steamboat Bill.")

(By J. Hill.)

You may ramble 'round the coutry anywhere you will,
You'll always run across that same old Scissor Bill,
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,
While all the cops they chase him out of 'every place.

Chorus.

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,

Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.

Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi.

He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.
And Scissor Bill he couldn't live without the booze,
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if only he could think.
And Scissor Bill he says: "This country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn Swede.
He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna furgun.

Chorus.

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin',

Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon;"

Scissor Bill, is down on everybody,

The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the
moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.
And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

Chorus.

Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,

Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"

Scissor Bill gets his regard in Heaven,

Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

MR. BLOCK

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight.")
(By J. Hill.)

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue;"
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.
And Block he thinks he may
Be President some day.

Chorus.

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,
You take the cake,
You make me ache.
Lie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,
Kindly do that for liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his
truck,
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck,
He shouted, "That's too raw,
I'll fix them with the law."

Chorus.

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman
right."
Sam Gompers said, "You see
You've got our sympathy."

Chorus.

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,
But after the election he got an awful shock,
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.
And Comrade Block did sob,
He helped him get his job."

Chorus.

The money kings in Cuba blew up the gunboat Maine,
But Block got awful angry and blamed it all on Spain.
He went right in the battle and there he lost his leg,
And now he's peddling shoestrings and is walking on a peg!
He shouts, "Remember Maine,
Hurrah! To hell with Spain!"

Chorus.

Poor Block he died one evening, I'm very glad to state,
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.
He said, "Oh Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."
Old Pete said, "Is that so?
You'll meet them down below."

Chorus.

STAND UP! YE WORKERS.

(By Ethel Comer.)

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus.")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;
Stand up in all your might.
Unite beneath our banner
For Liberty and right.

From victory unto victory
This army sure will go,
To win the world for labor
And vanquish every foe.
Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;
Stand up in every land.
Unite, and fight for freedom
In ONE BIG UNION grand.
Put on the workers' armor,
Which is the card of Red,
Then all the greedy tyrants
Will have to earn their bread.
Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers;
The strife will not be long.
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
All ye that slave for wages,
Stand up and break your chain;
Unite in ONE BIG UNION—
You've got a world to gain.

THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS

(Tune: "San Antonio.")

(Written by Richard Brazier.)

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;
They're known throughout the land.
They've seen the horrors of the bull-pen,
From Maine to the Rio Grande.
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.
Their organization is known to the nation
As the Industrial Workers of the World.
Then hail to this fighting band!
Good luck to their union grand!

Chorus.

They're all fighters from the word go,
And to the master
They'll bring disaster
And if you'll join them
They'll let you know
Just the reason the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns
In defense of their natural rights;
They've proved themselves to be labor sons
In all of the workers' fights;
They have been hounded by power unbounded
Of capitalists throughout the land,
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded,
For we still remain a union grand.
Then hail to this fighting band!

Chorus.

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;
The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.
You work ten hours a day and live in huts;
The Boss lives in the palace you make.
You face starvation, hunger, privation,
But the Boss is always well fed.
Though of low station you've built this nation—
Built it upon your dead.
Then when will you ever get wise;
When will you open your eyes?

WAGE WORKERS, COME JOIN THE UNION

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer sun,
We have seen his children needy when the harvesting was
done,
We have seen a mighty army dying, helpless, one by one,
While their flag went marching on.

Chorus.

Wage workers, come join the union!
Wage workers, come join the union!
Wage workers, come join the union!
Industrial Workers of the World.

O, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city
street—

We have seen them in the midnight, where the Goths and
Vandals meet;

We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their
feet,

But their cause went marching on.

Our slavers' marts are empty, human flesh no more is sold,
Where the dealer's fatal hammer wakes the clink of leap-
ing gold,

But the slavers of the present more relentless powers hold,

Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing
wheel,

We will free the weary women from their bondage under
steel;

In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man shall
feel

That his cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and drear,
Catch the cool winds from the mountains. Hark! the
river's voice is near;

Soon we'll rest beside the fountain and the dreamland will
be here

As we go marching on.

A DREAM

(Tune: "The Holy City.")

(Written by Richard Brazier.)

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to mee;
I saw an army streaming singing of liberty;
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry,
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy;
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy.

Chorus.

One union, industrial union;
Workers of the world unite,
To make us free from slavery
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array
Of marching toiling masses passing on their way;
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed upon
this throng,
And ever as they marched along the workers sang this
song;
And ever as they marched along the workers sang this
song:

Chorus.

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band—
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule this land.
Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn your
bread.
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the
workers' song;
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the
workers' song.

Mr. Block Post Cards, two different subjects, 50c
per 100. Order from the "Industrial Worker," P. O.
Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

STUNG RIGHT.

(Words by J. Hill.)

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight.")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,
I saw a sign that thousand men were wanted right away,
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet,
I signed my name a dozen time upon a great big sheet.

Chorus.

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G
Stung right, strung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;
When my term is over, and again I'm free,
There'll be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for
slaves,
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the
waves."
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my
snooze,
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the captain's
shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down
and out;
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are a
case."
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something
night,
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam had a war with Spain,
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any
means,
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's Pork
and Beans.

THE BONE HEAD WORKING MAN.

Mr. Slave, Mr. Slave, listen to the call
Of the brave to the brave; take the world for all.
Now you need the light and might to free all homeless
working men.
Look around, all around and see.
Hear the pound, hear the sound of machinery.
How the owners fool you, how they rule you.
Must hear the bosses blow.

Chorus.

Hurry up! Hurry up! on my new machine.
Man, you're slow, boss is losing money.
It displaces seventy men. If you cannot speed up
you're fired then.
Go and look, go and look for another master.
Good or bad you sure will make him wealthy.
It's God darn hard to wake you up.
YOU'RE A BONEHEAD WORKING MAN.
Mr. Slave, Mr. Slave, hear the union grand.
It's a wave, it's a wave rolling through the land.
This the masters fear we are hear to free our class from
slavery.
Get a book, get a book, read the word of light.
Take a look, take a look, join the band of might.
Come and be a wobbly, then you'll probely
Not let the bosses cry.

THE OLD TOILER'S MESSAGE.

(Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.)

(Air: "Silver Threads Among the Gold.")

"Darling I am growing old"—

So the toiler told his wife—

Father Time the days have tolled

Of my usefulness in life.

Just tonight my master told me

He can't use me any more.

Oh, my darling, do not scold me,

When the wolf comes to our door."

Chorus.

To the scrap heap we are going

When we're overworked and old—

When our weary heads are showing

Silver threads among the gold.

"Darling, I am growing old—"

He once more his wife did tell—

"All my labor pow'r I've sold,

I have nothing more to sell.

Though I'm dying from starvation

I shall shout with all might

To the coming generation.

I shall shout with all my might—

WORKING MEN.

(Tune, Genevieve")

(By J. McCormick)

Working man, oh can't you see
That your class lives in slavery,
That you, yes, you,, and you alone
Can the master overthrow.
And yet how hard it is to see
You cringing at your master's knee,
To beg that which is yours by right
And you could have through your own might.

Chorus.

Oh workingmen, oh workingmen,
The days may come and the days may go
But till you organize to fight
The master class won't grant your right.

Oh workingmen, you know we're right
Come organize and use your might,
The Industrial Workers lead the way,
So come and join our band today.
For there's women and children to be freed
From this life of slavery;
The mills and factories claim there toll,
So workers will you claim your own.

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE,

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye.")

(By J. Hill.)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

Chorus:

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army their play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray
'Till they get all our coin on the drum,
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum;

Chorus:

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,
And they holler, they jump and they shout.
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,
"He will cure all diseases today."

Chorus:

If you fight hard for children and wife—
Try to get something good in this life—
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Chorus:

Workingmen of all countries, unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight;
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

Chorus:

You will eat, bye and bye,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry,
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

THERE IS POWER IN UNION.

(By J. Hill.)

(Tune, "There Is Power in the Blood.")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

Chorus.

There is pow'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land—
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,
And starve here with rags on your back?

Chorus.

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb,"
Then join in the grand, Industrial band;
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

Chorus.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organize, all unions despise,
If you want nothing before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Chorus.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,
Come join in the grand Industrial band,
Then we our share of this earth shall demand,
Come on! Do your share, like a man,

Chorus.

A PARODY ON J. D.

(Tune, "America.")

(Anonymous.)

My country, 'tis of thee,
My private property,
Of thee I sing.
Land where the millions toil
In serfdom on thy soil
That out of "Standard Oil"
My wealth may wring.

My native villainy
Is what enables me
To make my pile.
I have the rocks and rills,
Of oil my barrels fills,
With gold and bonds and bills—
That's why I smile.

Then there's his son, John D.,
A pious youth is he—
Takes after "Ma,"
And through the needle's eye
With outstretched wings he'll fly
Up to a home on high
Bought by "Papa."

SONG OF THE "SCISSORBILL."

(Air: "America.")

Ova tannas Siam
Geeva tanna Siam
Ova tannas
Sucha tammas Siam
Inocan giffa tam
Osucha nas Siam
Osucha nas.

WALKING ON THE GRASS.
(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green.")

In this blessed land of freedom where King Mammor
wears the crown

There are many ways illegal now to hold the people down
When the dudes of state militia are slow to come to time
The law upholding Pinkertons are gathered from the
slime.

There are wisely framed injunctions that you must not
leave your job,

And a peaceable assemblage is declared to be a mob.

And Congress passed a measure framed by some consum-
mate ass,

So they are clubbing men and women just for walking on
the grass.

In this year of slow starvation, when a fellow looks for
work,

The chances are a cop will grab his collar with a jerk;
He will run him in for vagrancy, he is branded as a
tramp,

And all the well-to-do will shout: "It serves him right, the
scamp!"

So we let the ruling class maintain the dignity of law,
When the court decides against us we are filled with
wholesome awe,

But we cannot stand the outrage without a little sauce
When they're clubbing men and women just for walking
on the grass.

The papers said the union men were all but anarchist,
So the job trust promised work for all who would't enlist;
But the next day when the hungry horde surrounded city
hall,

He hedged and said he didn't promise anything at all.
So the powers that be are acting very queer to say the
least—

They should go and read their Bible and all about Bel-
shazzar's feast,

And when mene tekel at length shall come to pass
They'll stop clubbing men and women just for walking
on the grass.

IT IS THE UNION.

(Tune: "We Have a Navy.")

(Written by Richard Brazier.)

Sing a song in praise of toiling masses,
Sing a song about our sons of toil;
Sing of wrongs done to the working classes,
Wrongs that make our hearts boil.
We have always borne the blows and lashes—
No more we'll patient stand,
But on every hand, throughout this splendid land,
We sons of toil will make our stand.
Then in our glory will we tower,
What will be the secret of our power?

Chorus:

It is the Union, the Industrial Union—
Our banner is unfurled.
We will unite in all our splendid might
In the Industrial Workers of the World.
We have a union, a fighting union,
And our masters know that, too.
It will keep them in their place
When they know they have to face
Our union of workingmen that's true.

For countless years and ages we've been enslaved
Beneath the capitalistic rule;
We, the strong, cringing to those men depraved,
In whose hands we have ever been a tool.
But the day of liberty is dawning—
Freedom now draws nigh.
We must unite to win the fight—
Wage slavery then will die.
Then in our glory will we tower;
Great will be the workers' power.

THE GIRL QUESTION.

(Air: "Tell Mother I'll Be There.")

(Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.)

A little girl was working in a big department store,
Her little wage for food was spent; her dress was old
and tore.

She asked the foreman for a raise, so humbly and so shy,
And this is what the foreman did reply:

Chorus—

Why don't you get a beau?
Some nice old man, you know!
He'll give you money if you treat him right.
If he has lots of gold,
Don't mind if he is old.
Go! Get some nice old gentleman tonight.

The little girl then went to see the owner of the store,
She told the story that he'd heard so many times before.
The owner cried: "You are discharged! Oh, my, that big
disgrace,

A ragged thing like you around my place!"

Chorus—

The little girl she said: "I know a man that can't be
wrong,

I'll go and see the preacher in the church where I belong."
She told him she was down and out and had no place to
stay,

And this is what the holy man did say:

Chorus—

Next day while walking round she saw a sign inside a hall,
It read: THE ONE BIG UNION WILL GIVE LIBER-
TY TO ALL.

She said: I'll join that union, and I'll surely do my best,
And now she's gaily singing with the rest:

Chorus—

Oh, Workers do unite!
To crush the tyrant's might.
The ONE BIG UNION BANNER IS UNFURLED—
Come slaves from every land,
Come join this fighting band,
It's named INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE
WORLD.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

(By J. Hill.)

(Air, "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland.")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,
Worked every day in a laundry;
All that she made for food she paid,
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;
An old procuress spied her there,
She came and whispered in her ear:

Chorus.

Come with me now my girly,
Don't sleep out in the cold;
Your face and tresses curly
Will bring you fame and gold,
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,
Walks all alone 'long the river,
Five years have flown, her health is gone,
She would look at the water and shiver,
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Chorus.

Girls in this way, fall every day,
And have been falling for ages,
Who is to blame? you know his name,
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.
A homeless girl can always hear
Temptations calling everywhere.

Chorus.

EVERYBODY'S JOINING IT.
(Words by J. Hill.)
(Air: "Everybody's Doin' It.")

Fellow workers, can't you hear,
There is something in the air.
Everywhere you walk, everybody talk
'Bout the I. W. W.
They have got a way to strike
That the master doesn't like—
Everybody stick, That's the only trick,
All are joining it now.

Chorus.

Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
One Big Union, that's the workers' choice,
One Big Union; that's the only noise,
One Big Union; shout with all your voice;
Make a noise, make a noise, make a noise, boys,
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
Joining in this union grand,
Boys and girls in every land;
All the workers hand in hand—
Everybody's joining it now.

Th' Boss is feeling mighty blue,
He don't know just what to do.
We have got his goat, got him by the throat,
Soon he'll work or go starving.
Join I. W. W.,
Don't let bosses trouble you,
Come and join with us—everybody does—
You've got nothing to lose.

Will the One Big Union grow?
Mister Bonehead wants to know.
Well! What do you think, of that funny gink
Asking such foolish questions?
Will it grow? Well! Look a here,
Brand new locals everywhere,
Better take a hunch, join the fighting bunch,
Fight for Freedom and Right.

WE ARE THE ONLY UNION.

(Sing to the tune of "Tommy Aitkens.)

We'll take them from the city and the plough,
From factory, mine or steamship or from scow,
Where ever workers be who are striving to be free
We will organize them in one union grand;
Our mission is to free the working slave
Who toils away to an early grave
From a life of want and woe Liberty we'll show
If they'll join the Industrial Workers of the World.

Chorus.

If they'll join the Industrial Workers
And get in and do their share
In the battle which we're waging for the workers every-
where;
If they'll organize Industrially into one big union grand
The workers will be victors and the rulers of this land.

We aim to make the masters bend the knee
To a working class once organized and free
Who will break the master's rule and no longer be the tool
Of a cruel, scheming Capitalistic class
To wake the workers from their reverie
And set them on the path to liberty
To get all we produce work not for profit but for use
That's the mission of this one big union grand.

Chorus.

Oh we are the only union that will ever cure the ills
Of the women in the sweat-shops and the children in the
mills;
We will help our fellow workers who are hungry and out
of work;
We will do away with grafters and the Idle class who
shirks.

WE WILL SING ONE SONG.

(Words by J. Hill.)

Air, "My Old Kentucky Home.")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,
The horn-handed son of the toil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

Chorus.

Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth,
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While he's living from the sweat of your brow.
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profit that immortal traffic bear.

Chorus.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,
He tells you of homes in the sky.
He says, "Be generous, be lowly, and be meek,
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die.
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,
He carries his home on his back;
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,
So he wanders without aim along the track.

Chorus.

We will sing one song of the children's in the mills,
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,
The hope of the toiler and slave,
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

Chorus.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE.

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine.")

(By Walquist)

I wander up and down the street,
Till I have blisters on my feet.
My belly's empty, I've no bed,
No place to rest my weary head.
There's millions like me wandering,
Who are deeply pondering,
Oh, what must we do to live?
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'ry, and
 privation,
In a land so rich and fair?

Chorus.

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!
Take back your freedom and your right.
You have nothing to lose now,
Workers of the World, unite.

Oh! workingmen, come organize,
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?
Are you still going to be a fool,
And let the rich man o'er you rule?
It is time that you were waking,
See the dawn is breaking,
Come now, wake up from your dream.
All this wealth belongs to toilers,
And not to the spoilers,
Wage slaves, throw your chains away.

Chorus.

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.
The earth belongs to Labor,
Workers of the World Unite.

SHIP OUT.
(Tune: "School Days.")
(By Walquist.)

Nothing to do, sucker darling,
Nothing to do today,
Come take a trip to Oregon,
Fat shark will ship you there,
Erickson and Peterson are wanting men
To come and work for them,
So, if you will go, we'll give you a show—
Two dollars you'll have to pay.

Chorus.

Ship out, ship out,
Ship out to a master;
They give you a poor wage
And feed you on peas.
The bunks they are plumb full
Of crums and fleas.
No wonder a worker becomes a "Bo"—
And out in the jungles he'll sleep, you know.
You knock on back doors till your knuckles are sore—
Whenever you ship to a job.

Don't you remember the driver,
Who worked you so hard, you know?
He'll make you work fast as long as you last,
And then you will have to go.
Hike along the railroad,
With your blankets upon your back,
So come and get wise—
Come now, organize, and never ship out any more.

Chorus.

THE "BLANKET STIFF."

He built the road,
With others of his class he built the road,
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad,
He walks and walks and walks and walks
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

OUT IN THE BREAD-LINE.

Out in the bread-line, the fool and the knave,
Out in the bread-line the sucker and slave,
Coffee and doughnuts now takes all our cash,
We're on the bum and we're glad to get hash.

Chorus.

Out in the bread-line, in rain or sunshine,
We're up against it today,
Out in the bread-line, watching the job-sign,
We're on the bum, boys, today.

The employment office now ships east and west,
Jobs are quite scarce—they are none of the best;
Grub it is rocky—a discount we pay,
We are dead broke, and we'll have to eat hay.

Chorus.

We are the big bums, the hoboes and "vags,"
O, we look hungry, our clothes are all rags,
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake,
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the shake.

Chorus.

O, yes, we're the suckers, there's no doubt of that,
We live like dogs, and the boss he gets fat,
God help his picture, when once we get wise,
He'll be the bum and we'll be the swell guys.

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WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS.

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows.")

Fellow workers pay attention to what I'm going to mention,

For it is the fixed intention of the Workers of the World.
And I hope you'll all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,

To gather 'round our standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

Chorus.

Where the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows,
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.

And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours and better pay, boys;

And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,

And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.

So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser River flows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's fetching.

And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.

But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil spared them,

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River flows.

Read "The Industrial Worker" and Solidarity, each 10 cents a copy; \$1 per year. Both. 1 year, \$1.50.

"Why should one man's belly be empty when ten men can produce enough to feed a hundred?"

"MIGHT IS RIGHT."
(By Covington Hall.)

Might was Right when Christ was hanged
Beside the Jordan's foam;
Might was Right when Gracchus bled,
Upon the stones of Rome;
And Might was Right when Danton fell,
When Emmet passed away—
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the oGspel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus
Went down in seas of blood,
And when the Commune perished
In the selfsame crimson flood;
And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Parsons died,
When Ferrer followed him,
When Chinn's young life was beaten out
In Spokane's dungeon grim;
And Might was Right when Pettibone
Went staggering down death's way—
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when Morgan builds
A hell 'round every hearth;
Might is Right when Kirby starves
His peons off the earth;
And Might was Right when Deitz became
Wolf Weyerhauesr's prey—
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when children die
By thousands in the mills,
When jeweled hands reach down and take
The gold their blood distills;

And Might is Right when maidens give
Their love-dreams up for pay—
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it e’er will be,
The One and Only Right;
And so, O hosts of Toil, awaken!
O workingmen, unite!
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,
’Tis Freedom’s only way—
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today.”

UNITE! UNITE!

(Tune: How Can I Bear to Leave Thee.)
(Written by Thos. Borland.)

Oh, workingmen, do organize
For freedom and for liberty!
Cut loose the bands that bind you fast;
Unite or death will be your last.

Refrain.

Unite, unite, to win your fight;
Onward, onward, to liberty.
The Industrial Workers of the World
Are putting up a manly fight,
To give the working class their rights
And overthrow the parasites.

Chorus.

Hail to our noble martyrs true,
Who hoisted the emblem for me and you.
Some they bled and others died,
Their lives did they not sacrifice?

(Note—Thomas Borland died as the result of the treatment received in prison in the Franklin School, Spokane, Wash., in the “free speech” fight.)

THE TRAMP.

(By J. Hill.)

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.")

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;
He was not the kind that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,
'Till the shoes fell off his feet;
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

Chorus.

'Cross the street a sign he read,
"Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"
And he kneeled upon the floor,
'Till his knees got rather sore,
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Chorus.

Down the street he met a cop,
And the Copper made him stop,
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?
Come with me up to the judge."
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Chorus.

Finally came that happy day
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,
When he reached the pearly gate,
Santa Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

Chorus.

COME AND GET WISE.

(Tune: "The Anheuser-Busch.")

(Written by Richard Brazier.)

Talk about the swell way the workers don't live,
And the fine wages our masters don't give;
Rave about the good cream that's up high above
If we'll work for nothing and the boss we'll love;
Speak about the bread lines and soup houses, too,
Who sometimes feed workers when no job's in view;
But, workingman, really the power's in your hand
To change these conditions and rule this fair land.

Chorus.

Come, come, come, and get wise
To the boss who is now robbing you.
Come, come, come, hear what we say
To workingmen, honest and true.
We're the only union, and that is no lie;
You can join us without fear.
Come, come, come and put the grafter
Dead on the hog right here.

Talk about the mansions where we don't reside,
And the splendid Pullmans in which we don't ride;
Speak about the good clothes we never wear,
The jewels and luxuries our masters don't share;
Talk about the swell dumps where our masters dine
Their friends, their lackeys and ladies so fine;
But if you need these things one thing you must do—
All come together in one union true.

Talk about our friend, the employment shark,
Who robs the poor workingman daylight and dark,
And those fat policemen who batter our head
If we go on strike for a few crumbs of bread;
And those fat preachers, so sleek and well fed,
Who say we'll be happy after we're dead;
But if you'll unite in the Industrial Band
You can drive all these grafters out of this land.

HOLD THE FORT.

We meet today in Freedom's cause,
And raise our voices high,
We'll join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

Chorus

Hold the fort for we are coming.
Union men be strong.
Side by side we battle onward
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union
Banners waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugle blow.
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear.
Help will come whene'er it's needed,
Cheer my comrades cheer.

H

6th

17 songs are credited to

Joe Hill and one more that
he wrote which does not (p43)
mention his name makes

18 songs in the 6th edition out of
49 songs and counting "The Blanket

Stiff" makes a total of 50 songs
in the 6th edition

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